ISSN 0712-7774

# CEREBUS

# GOING HOME

## 26

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AUG

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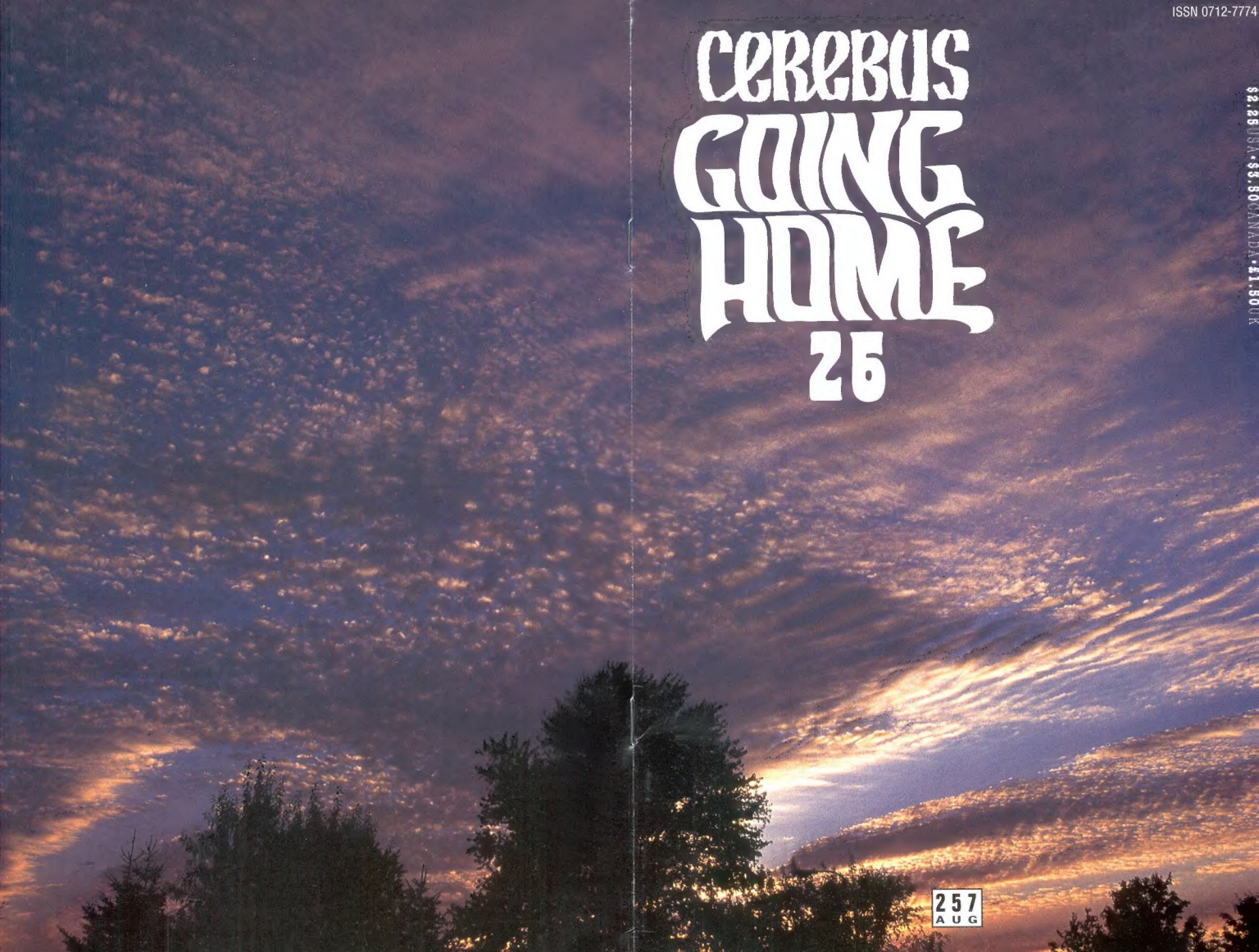

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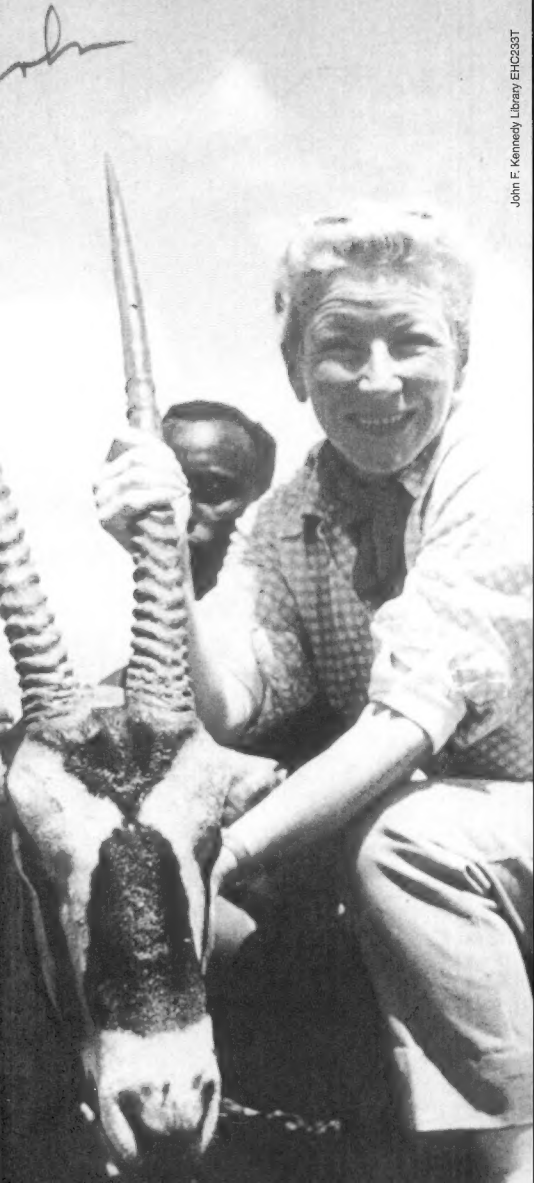

John F. Kennedy Library EHC233T


# CEREBUS

NO. 257 AUGUST 2000


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**GOING HOME**

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BOOK ONE
Sudden Moves
(Cerebus 232 to 239)

•

BOOK TWO
Fall and the River
(Cerebus 240 to 250)

•

BOOK THREE
Form & Void
(Cerebus 251 to 265)


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DAVE SIM AND GERHARD


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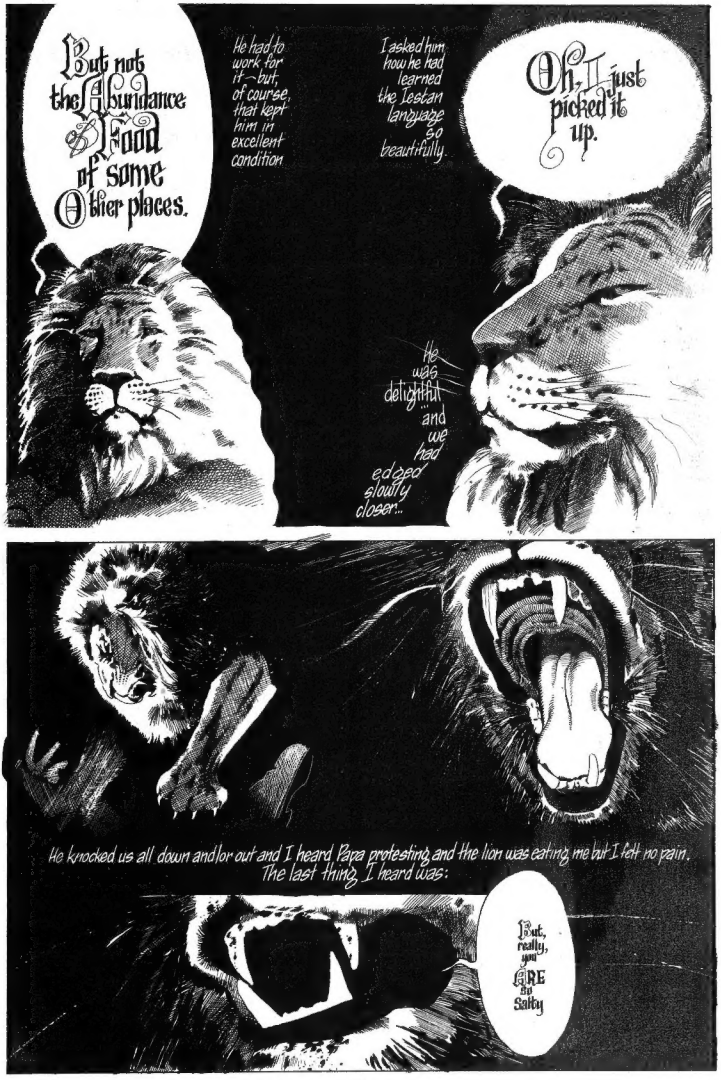
...maybe stupidly...
(but I couldn't have shot anything, well in that terrible hot climbing, breathless country)
...I called it off.
The gun-boys most unhappy
I had a dream...
...about our beautiful lion.
I dreamt we met him somewhere
among the small kopjes with the green vine and the lava rock
Standing, Watching us.
Before we could shoot...
...he said...

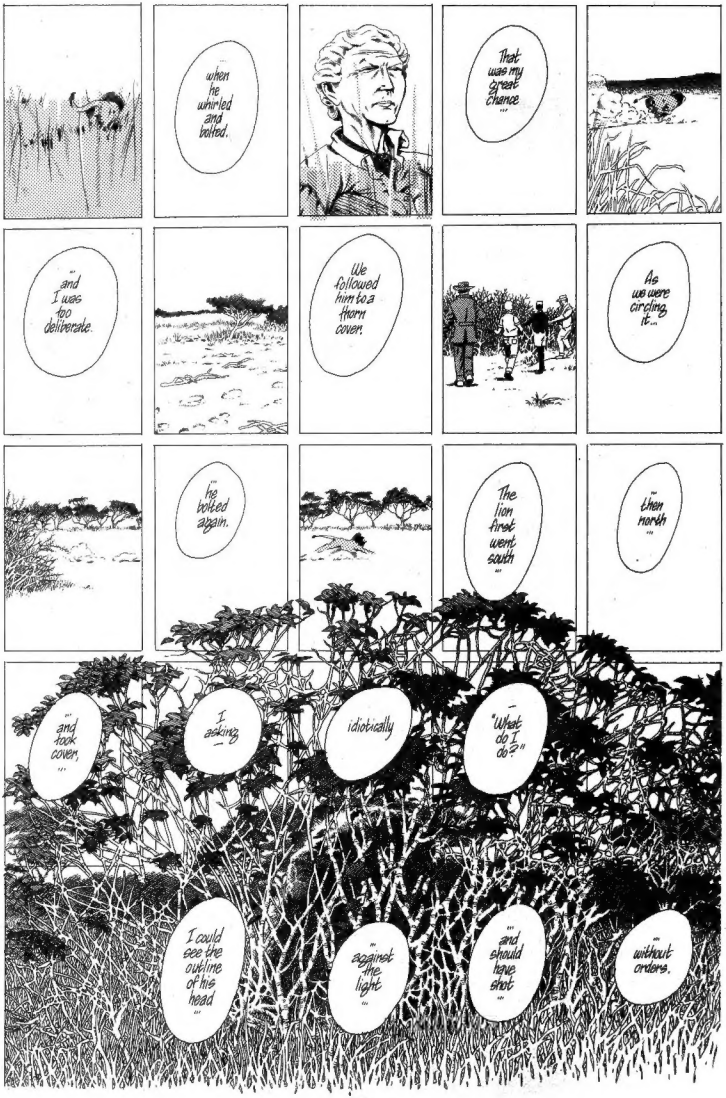
...in the most cultivated Iestan accent and we...
...Papa...
...and somebody else...
...and I...
How do you Do?
...were so charmed, we put our guns down to chat. The lion said how we'd made him nervous yesterday — how he'd watched us toiling up the mountain (very graceful about how noisily we walked).
We went into his life here:
Most pleasant country.
he said.
It's your wearing Shoes, of course.


But not the abundance & food of some other places.
He had to work for it—but, of course, that kept him in excellent condition
I asked him how he had learned the Iestan language so beautifully.
Oh, I just picked it up.
He was delightful... and we had edged slowly closer...
He knocked us all down and/or out and I heard Papa protesting and the lion was eating me but I felt no pain. The last thing I heard was:
But, really, you ARE so salty

flip.
flip.
flip.
"Papa's definition of buggery:"
"'Sodomy when practiced by those who are not gentlemen.'"
"How did we get into that?"
flip.
flip.
"The gun-boys, despairing, of my shooting, have made me a gun-rest stick."
flip.
"Yesterday"
"...late in the afternoon..."
"...we shot my lion."

Today is drizzly and overcast ...
...and I feel sad and let down and empty.
The camp seems unusually quiet.
We had first seen him ten days ago with two lionesses.
The men began planning and plotting ...
...CHAINING food to the bait-tree so the lionesses could not drag it into thick cover for him.
By keeping the lionesses fed and uninterested in hunting, ...
... he either had to hunt for himself, or come ...
...eventually...
... to the bait.
... a terrible treachery, really, on our part.

Yesterday morning Papa saw him ...
... beyond the lion grass at the edge of the thick yellow forest and said, wisely, ...
"Leave him alone."
We couldn't find his pug mark at the kill and came home ...
Papa to work ... I ... to bed ...
... having the first day of curse.
I was just dozing off when I heard them come roaring back — yelling for me. "HE'S OUT! THERE! — HURRY!"
Sure enough ...
... the lion was still there.
We saw the lion break for better cover ...
... saw him circle and turn to face us.
I was just bringing the bead on his shoulder ...


"... when he whirled and bolted.
"That was my great chance ..."
"... and I was too deliberate.
We followed him to a thorn cover.
As we were circling it...
"... then north ..."
"The lion first went south ..."
"... he bolted again.
"... and took cover. ..."
I asking, —?
idiotically
"What do I do?"
"I could see the outline of his head ..."
"... against the light ..."
"... and should have shot ..."
"... without orders.

Pops went out to the left.
Denis to the right.
Instead of coming out towards us
he broke away, running south.
I ran to the right to get a view around the thorn
Heard Pops shoot.
KaKUM
Heard Denis shoot.
KaKUM
Got him in my sights.
He's moving, boys.
(now)
KaK
KaK
Afterward
everyone said I shot first
but I feel certain I didn't
particularly since Denis kept saying

"Wait, wait."

We found him about three hundred and fifty yards away.

Absolutely dead.

...within forty yards of thick cover.

We went into a certain amount of clowning and hi-jinks...

...Papa more jubilant than anybody.

We came home...

...with the boys singing a marvelous, triumphant-sounding song.

I couldn't believe I had even hit him.

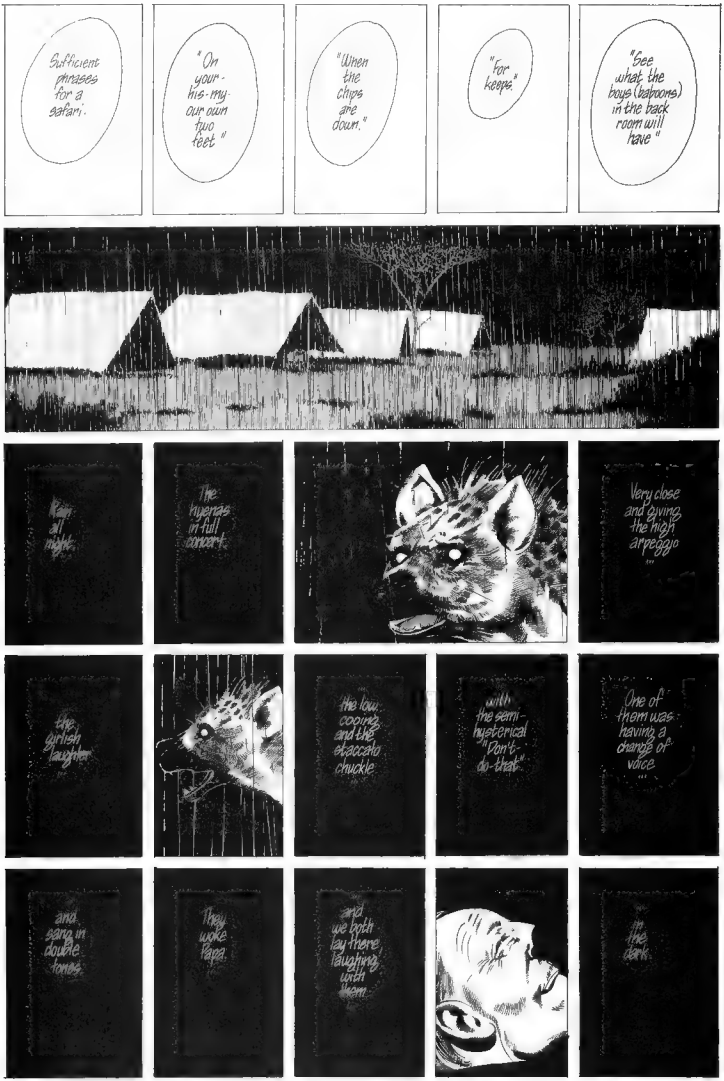
But Charo and Nguu affirmed and reaffirmed

I do remember Charo saying, "Piga" at my side...

"...not in the imperative, but the declarative tone of voice.

The boys started the rhythm, the whole camp singing the jubilant, dreamy, rhythmic song of victory.
Clanging tins and kettles and water cans, they made me sit on a chair and danced me round and round over their heads.
Round and round between the fire and the mess tent, all swirling and singing and banging.
When they put me down, they did a wonderful kamba dance in front of the mess tent, one voice chanting the newly-improvised song about the lion and the memsahib.

No lion roar last night.
We missed it.
Beginning about noon today...
"we've had another ngoma"
"a big one with three drums"
Still feeling bad in my stomach I took a nap
"going to sleep with the drums"
"and waking up to them.
I threw up this morning, in front of Denis and the boys.
They all concluded it was from the excitement of yesterday.
I was very ashamed.
But, it did not affect my enjoyment."
"of the lion steak we had for dinner


Sufficient phrases for a safari.
"On your-his-my-our own two feet."
"When the chips are down."
"for keeps."
"See what the boys (baboons) in the back room will have"
Rain all night.
The hyenas in full concert.
Very close and giving the high arpeggio ...
the girlish laughter ...
the low cooing and the staccato chuckle
with the semi-hysterical "Don't-do-that"
One of them was having a change of voice ...
and sang in double tones.
They woke Papa.
and we both lay there laughing with them.
in the dark.

Patter of rain on the tent ...
... very soothing.
I dream of us being marooned ...
... in a shining, gray sea
This afternoon, we saw the waterbuck with his lovely arched horns
We will never molest him. He is so nice and honorable.
The white wild flowers (still unidentifable in any of my books) ...
... are fading in our big fields.
They still smell delicately of roses and jasmine.

I woke
weeping
in the night
"... finally understanding that I could not – honestly – lay any claim to the lion. ..."
"... feeling cheated that Papa and Denis ..."
ka K M
"... had shot him first. ..."
"... and then fooled me about it.
Feeling heartbroken and frustrated.
First, that I couldn't shoot well enough ..."
ka K M
"... then, that such a long, sincere, serious ..."
"... and purposeful pursuit ..."
"... should have finished ..."
"... in such a farce.

I said so at lunch "
"... and Denis said— correctly— that I had been handed a lion on a platter.
Papa has been quoting Tony:
"It is always very silent when a great beast dies."
An overwhelming invasion of green army worms are eating the leaf of the flowers
A delegation of birds is feasting on the worms.
The male birds are beautiful. "
"... with rose-colored heads and breasts "
"... and beige bodies. "
The females are beige "
"... with a streak of deep rose on their tails

"Papa's interview with a reporter from Recordite magazine:"
"Reporter: Mr. E. Is it true that your wife is a Lesbian?"
"Papa: Of course not. Mrs. Ernestway is a boy."
"Reporter: What are your favorite sports, sir?"
"Papa: Shooting, fishing, reading, and Sodomy."
TWITCH
"Reporter: Does Mrs. Ernestway participate in these sports?"
"Papa: She participates in all of them."
"Reporter: Sir, can you compare fishing, shooting, and cricket, perhaps, with the other sports that you practice?"
"Papa: Young man, you must distinguish between the diurnal and the nocturnal sports. In this latter category, Sodomy is definitely superior to fishing."
"Reporter: Sir, I have heard much of this sport."
"Papa: Let us speak no further of it."

flip
flip
"Mary is a sort of prince of devils."
"She always wanted to be a boy and thinks as a boy without ever losing any femininity."
"If you should become confused on this you should retire."
TWITCH
CLENCH
"She loves me to be her girl, which I love to be—not being, absolutely stupid, and also loving to be her girl since I have other jobs in the daytime."
TWITCH
CLENCH

Mwindi came and showed me a huge pig strolling comfortably across the park in front of us
I got my shoes and my gun and we hunted him, but couldn't find him.
But what a pig.
Now, at the fire, we're happy, thinking what a marvelous year it has been...
...how much we've learned ...
"We were smart kittens to come to Africa."
Fisi is going WHUUUU
UUUUU UUUUU
...in the middle distance
Papa has been saying too many nice things
"My kitten-brother is the bravest, loveliest, most understanding, and best kitten in and out of bed..."

"...more fun to talk with on any subject and with soundor opinions and the best and finest ideals of anyone that I have ever known ever in all my life."
"A slow shooter, apt to be impatient, intolerant of fools and drunks ..."
"...but the best companion in the field when things are difficult that I have ever known, bar none."
A modester woman wouldn't write this down.
I do t to look at ...
"... if I feel low sometimes.

Found and (sadly) identified the head of the gallant and beautiful old waterbuck
He had been paterfamilias to ten cows.
Every time we saw them, he stood guard "
"... to protect their retreat into the woods.
Nothing left of him now but the head bones and the horns "
"...the kill two or three days old.
The lionesses surely took advantage of his bravery "
"... and murdered him
Sad to know our safari life is ending.

# TO HAM & HAM NOT

## AFRICA

*Journal* indicates Mary Hemingway's East Africa Journal, John F. Kennedy Library typescript, Horowitz-A and -B unless otherwise designated. Dates, locations, and additional information inside parentheses are those used by Mary Hemingway as headings for each individual day's *Journal* entry. Page numbers are those marked as such at the top of the typescript pages. Where an extract from the *Journal* is from the *same* entry as the *previous* extract discussed, the subsequent entry is designated only by "*Journal* (page number)."

*All narration*
*in* this *form indicates*
*extracts omitted*
*because of space*
*considerations*

*which I*
*thought interesting*
*and/or sufficiently*
*relevant to include*
*here.*

*The space they*
*occupy between notes*
*indicates where they*
*would have occurred*
*in the narrative*
*sequence.*

* * * * * * * *

Page 487 - All of "Form & Void's" Africa sequence takes place in and around an area which was popularly known for many years as "Deepest, Darkest Africa." As Mary Hemingway pointed out in her *Journal*, there are few places on the earth that so little qualify for their popular designations as does "The Dark Continent." Most of Africa is *not* dark, by all accounts, and is, rather, notable for its varieties and intensities of colour and light. Among many notable features in the immediate vicinity of this story's locale are: the long sought-after "Source of the Nile" (of Stanley and Livingstone fame), the Oduvai Gorge of Louis B. Leakey fame, Mount Kilimanjaro and the Great Continental Rift (which extends—literally—from the Red Sea to South Africa). The upthrust mountainous formations in the area are among the youngest on the face of the earth—not millions, but, rather, thousands of years old. The aforementioned "Source of the Nile" is, of course, Lake Victoria (named for Her then-Majesty Queen Victoria)—the Big lake shown here. Grovelling around her are Lake Albert, Lake George, Lake Edward, and a couple of others.

Approximately three years before the arrival of the Hemingways, director John Huston, actor Humphrey Bogart, and actress Katharine Hepburn wrapped up location filming for *The African Queen* near Murchison Falls.

A little over a year before the Hemingways turned up, Kenya was hosting the (by then) not-so-little Princess Elizabeth on a state visit to the British colony when her father, King George VI, died, thus elevating her to her present status as Queen Elizabeth II.

And *then* the Hemingways showed up.

Pages 488-489 - *"As we rattled..."*

As I indicated earlier, my part of this two-page spread was completed before I received the copies of the East Africa Journal from the Kennedy Library, so the long sentence which leads off the Africa sequence in "Form & Void" is, not surprisingly, the first sentence of the "East Africa" chapter in *How It Was*.

Chronologically, it took place somewhere around *Journal* page 18: the entry headed "August 23, Sunday, Voi, Kenya."

*"Once* campi *was established..."*

*How It Was* (pg. 434): "Once campi was re-established..." For the sake of simplicity I have made this appear to be the Hemingway's first camp. In fact, Kimana Swamp was the *third* campsite of their safari: the first had been on Kitanga, Philip Percival's farm/estate in the Mua Hills, the second at Selangai River.

*"(No matter what their ages, safari crews were all called 'boys' in 1953, a patronizing term, I thought.)"*

I eliminated this line but I think it worth noting that, although Mary portrays herself as having considered the term patronizing, she used "boy" quite extensively—and without reservation—in her *Journal*. In a couple of spots she switches to the spelling "boi," which seems to modify the context, having the domestic flavour of Swahili about it and (thus) invoking areas of expertise—the *expert* tracking of animals, the *expert* setting up and breaking down of campsites, the *expert* guidance and encyclopedic knowledge of the local terrain—which is what these individuals were known for and for which they were hand-picked (and probably still are). But she soon lapses back into her unapologetic use of "boy" and "boys."

I suspect it was 20-20 hindsight from "this side" of the civil rights movement which led Mary to, retroactively, find the term "boy" patronizing in a way that it did not seem to her at the time. I think in rereading the typescript as she was working on *How It Was*, Mary noticed that the Hemingways' black servants, all sounded, well, a little too much like black servants, which led to her above dissembling and the qualification:

*"We were all quickly friends."*

...as well as the subsequent *How It Was* checklist of the names and occupations of those individuals whom (to her credit) she could still remember years later.

Pages 490-491 - I don't think it takes a graduate degree in sociology to pick out the number of racially patronizing references on these two pages, all taken word for word (apart from my own substitution of "Estarcion" for "European") from *How It Was*. The real trick would be to find any reference that *wasn't* patronizing. Interesting that, even as Mary recognizes in retrospect the term "boy" as patronizing, she proceeds to blunder around like a cow in a china shop trying to be as liberal-minded as she thinks she should have been at the time and managing only to be patronizing in a different way. *Sic semper* white, female liberalism?

*"How can I remember our driver's name...?"*

This exchange between EH and Mary, conveniently retrofitted to the *beginning* of the safari (August) in *How It Was* (page 434), actually took place—according to the East Africa *Journal*—on January 10th, after M'thoka had already been their driver for more than four months. In Hemingway's *True at First Light*, his driver's name is given as Mthuka.

*"We were all quickly friends."*

Yes. Well.

Page 492 - *"The excitement of the days..."*

The original of this passage struck me as most peculiar each time I stumbled over it in *How It Was* (pg. 443). The use of the term "friends"—"as only lucky people who are friends do"—seems to foreshadow our present age where the frequently capitalized Friends is not only a network television show, but (evidently) a kind of Feminist Manifesto Writ Large: FRIENDS! As in "Friendship *Uber Alles.*"

*"...as only lucky people who are friends do."*

Not "lucky husbands and wives," which would imply the participation of this world's *two* specific genders, but rather "people" and "friends." It is as difficult now as it was then (I imagine) to ascertain if the "ladies" intend to jeopardize the cause of marriage for the sake of advancing the cause of friendship or to jeopardize the cause of friendship to advance the cause of marriage. Here in the year 2000, my best guess would be that they are (in good evenhanded feminist fashion) concertedly attempting to achieve *both* goals simultaneously—and that that would account for the funny looks they tend to get on their faces when a friendship jeopardizes a marriage or a marriage jeopardizes a friendship. Should they cheer or cry? Cry or cheer? Cry *then* cheer? Cheer *then* cry? Goodness. Decisions, decisions. A woman's right to choose? Fine. Which one?

Anyway, it interested me to discover that this was one of the few passages to survive (nearly) intact from *Our One and Only Life*:

*...we conducted in one or the other of our narrow camp cots little private carnivals, carefree, gay..."*

(Perhaps not coincidentally, "gay" was a favourite adjective of Mary's which, for obvious reasons, needed to be excised from her writing here, there, and everywhere by the time 1976 rolled around.)

*"...and also with a sort of innocense [sic], like puppies playing in the grass, made up games and joyous jokes that only people who are friends, with bodies that are friends can do."*

*This* version, it seemed to me, was (at least) a *partially* more fruitful and (at least) a *partially* more ethical expression of an overarching idea than that which appeared in *How It Was:*

*"...as only lucky people who are friends do..."*

...despite (by my inference) Mary's pioneering effort to eliminate gender-based connotations from the English language—to be that movement's "point person" (if you will) in the interest of...

(Well, I'm sure *I* don't know: General Mischievousness? Global Homogenization? Tactical nit-picking? Having something to do when it's raining outside? That exhausts *my* best speculations.)

If the sentiment expressed is not *explicitly* monogamous or confined to the realm of *male-female* relationships, it at least seems to imply some special status for physical intimacy as *necessarily limited to* the one-on-one relationship and having a two-tiered notion of the personal *and* physical as mandatory conditions for genuine intimacy. If corrupt, it seems (perhaps only in retrospect) a vast improvement over the modern-day perception of all relationships as functioning on a subjective scale of levels of friendship where all ethics governing acts of intimacy are considered relative and situational—the aforementioned marriage/friendship *dichotomy* being misperceived as *twin options* which can be pursued simultaneously (by considering one's marriage and any given friendship as having equal value and equal importance). A recipe for disaster, strategically, and the source of great anxiety for the tactically inclined.*

Page 493 - *Journal* (September 9, Wednesday) page 53

*"I woke up hearing the elephant come in his galoshes, coming steadily and straight..."*

The temptation to start the "Form & Void" African sequence showing an elephant "come" in his galoshes, "coming" steadily and straight, was nigh on to overwhelming, but I elected to pursue instead the *spirit* of Mary's words and to try to capture the *mood*, instead of going for (what I'm sure we will all agree) would have been a very cheap laugh.

In this I was ably assisted by Gerhard who improvised the three-panel "disappearing elephant" you see here.

---

* Steve Peters of *Everwinds* fame wrote a while ago asking about my distinction between "strategy" and "tactics." Chess is a strategic game, checkers is a tactical game. The major pieces in chess move strategically. Pawns move tactically. Men are strategists. Women are tacticians.

*"...and I heard Tembo chewing and chewing..."* *Journal* (page 53)

I substituted "one of the camp dogs"—which is what I gathered Tembo was if only because of the similarity of the name to Kibo, Dennis Zaphiro's dog (Kibo is also the local nickname for Mt. Kilimanjaro). I was afraid that just using the name might lead the incautious reader to believe that Tembo was one of the "boys" with whom the Hemingways were "quickly friends," who (for reasons that would have remained unclear) was chewing and chewing outside their tent.

Life has an eerie way of foreshadowing future events—a way that is popularly believed to exist only in novels and other creative works of the imagination. I believe the "chewing and chewing" that Mary documents ominously foreshadowed the Hemingways' first taste of lion flesh, the next day.

Pages 494-495 - [see comparison, under ORIGINS, between *How It Was* and the East Africa Journal's versions of these events]

As I had completed my part of this two-page spread *before* receiving—from Alan Goodrich of the John F. Kennedy Library's Audio-Visual department (and thank you, Alan)—photocopies of a selection of *Look* photographer Earl Thiesen's photographs of the safari, Ham Ernestway's lack of eyeglasses is a striking visual omission which I only noticed after doing several pages with the photo references: I elected to leave it alone (as well as the fictitious reaction of Philip Percival to the fictitious offer of a taste of lion meat) as a curiosity item—the *How It Wasn't* pages, I guess you could call them. I think Mary merged Dennis' reaction to the lion meat with an earlier incident at the skinning of a zebra:

*Journal* (September 4, Friday - Satengai) page 40

*"Papa cut a little piece off for each of us and I thought it was excellent, very tender. But P. P.* [Percival] *wouldn't touch it, says it's like horse."*

In *this case* the Kenyan natives were cooking chunks and strips of the zebra meat in plain sight, so there *was* a "taboo dichotomy" of sorts between their reaction and that of Percival.

This becomes a little significant later on.

*"...having against it some taboo which they would never define for me."* (*How It Was,* page 439)

I'm not sure if this wonky bit of sophistry is a) an American thing, b) a female thing, or c) an American female thing.

*Define* for her?

Well, let's take incest—sex with a close family relation. How would you "define" *that* taboo? Once you've said, "Don't have sex with your brother," what is there left to say? What part of "don't" do you not understand? Are you asking, "What is the *reason* for the taboo?" Well, let's go back to incest:

HE: Don't have sex with your brother.
SHE: Why not?
HE: Because if you get pregnant, the baby is apt to come out all funny-looking.
SHE: I won't get pregnant. I'm on the pill.
HE: Oh, in that case, by all means have sex with your brother if you want.

No, no.
*Taboo. Haramu.* Forbidden.
American women.
*Feh.*

*Journal* (September 11, Friday) page 60

*There is an argument in favor of the soft-nosed bullet, which blows them up inside. The discussion on the advantages of solid and soft-nosed revives periodically around the fire or in the mess tent.*

*"How wonderful to be on the old skeleton wardrobe again..."*

One of my few regrets that the photocopies of Mary's *Journal* typescript did not come in a day or so earlier is that I missed the chance to juxtapose the "soft-nosed bullet argument" and "How wonderful to be on the old skeleton wardrobe again..." Pure (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) Mary Hemingway.

The description of the skeleton wardrobe apropos nothing was one of the first clues that I had that the Journal had been intended, in part, for publication somewhere and eventually led me to my theory about *Look* magazine's corporate chicanery. Needless to say, the reference to "slaves' earrings" ("So simple, so smart") did not make the "cut" for *How It Was*. Also note the sneering reference to what (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) "*other* women wear on safari." In her *Journal*, the parenthetical sneer ends: "spangles[?]" Ah, yes, those lesser breeds of (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) *feminine* women who still wear "slacks" and "blouses" instead of (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) "pants" and "shirts."

Mary Hemingway was quite the forerunner of the gender-interchangeability mess in which we unhappily (*some* of us, anyway) find ourselves in this present age.

Page 496 - *Journal* (September 12, Saturday) page 62

*"Later we went in the hunting car, Dennis, Papa, Ty* [Earl Theisen], *and I and the boys* [sic] *for granti* [Grant's gazelles], *for meat (really for me to practice) and tommy* [Thomson's gazelles]..."

I eliminated the whole crowd except for Dennis, in the interest of gender interchangeability. If Mary was as bad a shot as she self-admittedly was, the only honorable, *masculine* thing to do was to a) find someone willing to coach her on the side and b) remove herself from consideration within the safari proper. I arrived at this by putting myself in Mary's place. Never having hunted, I could only be in the way of real hunters, a drag on the whole safari. If you are a guy and you find yourself in that situation, you demote yourself to tag-along status—you *know your place*. If someone offers to let you take a shot, you take a shot. *One* shot. And

then go back to your *place*.

And a guy would never, never, never allow himself to think, "It is lonely being the only incompetent here," if he wanted to keep being a guy. That's self-pity, and there is nothing more unmasculine than self-pity. If you feel it, hide it. Once it's hidden, kill it. As in Dead. Once it is dead, cremate it and scatter its ashes to the four winds so no evidence of it remains, whatsoever.

*This afternoon Papa...*
*killed a zebra and they*
*took him over to the*
*lion for supper.*

*"Chumming him."*

*Poor unsuspecting*
*fellow*

Page 497 - *Journal* page 64

*"...like yearling beef.*
*But eating lion is unorthodox here."*

No, Mary.
Not "unorthodox."
*Taboo. Haramu.*
Forbidden.

*Journal* (September 13, Sunday, Kimana River and Swamp) page 66

*"Saw a class of tommy-bucks..."*

The only Thiesen photos at the JFK Library which show Mary with a dead trophy from a "class of Tommy-bucks" are EH 21505 EH 8456P and EH C233T, and the animal in question is definitely an oryx—which is a "class of tommy-buck" only in the sense that they are both antelopes. An oryx is an ugly sort of beast (like a big-ass antelope wearing a Spawn mask), and that is how I chose to depict it. A tommy-buck (a male Thomson's gazelle) looks a lot like Bambi, delicate, trembly with big soulful eyes. The only reaction to two tommy-bucks locked in mortal combat would be "Awwwww—that's so CUUUUTE!" just to give you an idea of the beastie in question. I had a really good close-up of a Thomson's gazelle to use in the "coup de grâce" panel, but then I thought, no, that's *really* de-gilding the lily. So I drew the oryx instead. Which should take some of the (HoCCChhh, *THOOO!*) edge off for those ladies in the audience who are having a difficult enough time trying to figure out if they are supposed to applaud Mary for her "achievement" of gender-interchangeability or deplore her for executing a helpless animal:

It is a helpless but (at least) *relatively unattractive* animal.

The *Journal* entry concludes after "forever missing" with:

*"felt more a working port* [sic] *of the safari than a* [sic] *useless baggage."*

Page 498 - Interesting dream. Note the reference to the warthog's "brown paw." Warthogs, like all other members of the pig family, have hooves—not paws. Could Mary's unconscious and dreaming mind have attempted to (dare I say it)...

...raise the warthog above its *place*?

Pages 499-500 - *Journal* (September 14, Monday - Kimana Swamp - Temp. 7 o'clock 58) page 69

*"It is on the verge of being comic."*

As Mary notes in *How It Was* (page 444) of another occasion:

*Nobody laughed. I had hit the earth a yard in front of him. It was such a giant mistake after so much effort exerted by so many people that overtones of comedy lurked around the edges of disaster.*

Well, welcome to the masculine world, Mar. Now, please. Go home.

Seriously, in this I see the farcical mythology of gender interchangeability. What Mary is looking for is the "pressure valve" release of laughter, which exists *only* in the world of "mixed company." "Oh, dear, what a klutz I am. Ha hahaha." Watch a hockey game or a baseball game or a football game where it is just the guys. When someone makes a giveaway pass in front of his own net, drops an easy fly ball or fumbles a pass in the end zone, ladies, you are not apt to see all the other guys crack up so that he doesn't feel bad. If guys are doing something together, you can pretty much count on the fact that they are taking it seriously—whatever "it" is. If women are involved, they are just doing it for laughs.

"Overtones of comedy"? Aside from Papa, they must *all* have been ready to *kill* her.

Why was Papa *not* ready to kill her? What made him continue to waste everyone else's time and energy in the interest of maintaining the illusion that Mary was *not* a hopelessly incompetent huntress?

An interesting question and one which, I hope, I can answer as these notes proceed.

*Journal* (September 15, Tuesday - Kimana Swamp) page 73

*Denis took me with Nzia and Keiti and Kyungu out to practice shooting*

*We put paper in a tree* — *my neck getting stiff* — *made a target with lipstick*

*"Lean well in"* — *Left arm straight"* — *"Squeeze."*

*"Now we'll go look for something."*

*continued next issue*

then doubled back and lost himself. Papa calls them "Bubble-gum Masai".

They ran into a rhino and her baby - wanted to attack - D. restrain-

ed them.

September 15, Tuesday - Kimana Swamp.

Ty is taking pictures of the baby grantie lying beside my chair

here while Mwindi works in the background. Lovely morning. Little wind,

no dust.

Now 11:53, in the mess tent after a happy morning,

quite warm (Tem

ground of our

low cumulous c

blue sky.

Wonderful

home to write

ing.

(The th

bably - and

Whistling th

Moto - attac

The os

stilts, inc

Kyung

his foot.

D. took me, with a

We put paper in a tree, my neck getting stiff, made a large

stick.

Shot first at 30 paces with the .22, then at 70 paces with the

Mannlicher, which feels so much lighter and more tractable in my hands,

*Mary's* Journal *entry for September 15, 1953, which—coupled with this photo (found between pages 544 and 545 of Carlos Baker's* Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*)—satisfied me that there* had *to have been an original autograph (handwritten) diary at some point.*

*Although I'm sure that Earl "Ty" Thiesen* told *Mary he was* just *taking pictures of the orphaned "granti," what he was* actually *doing was unscrupulously casting the unsuspecting wannabe hardass as "Bambi's Mom"—knowing that the* Look *editors in New York would "eat it up."*

*At the time the photo was taken, Mary was still describing the gazelle (called Baa—Swahili for "bar"—and U.S.—as in "Ulysses S. Granti") as "Ty's granti." Her dormant maternal instincts surfaced when the photographer left for a while, and, by the time the granti died (yes, yes, Bambi is dead—sorry to have to break it to you), she was mourning it as her "only child" (October 13). I'll have more to say later in these notes about women considering themselves as the mothers of animals.*